Join crime-buster Cannon in a new thriller — page 4!

TV COMIC plus TOM & JERRY Weekly

7p

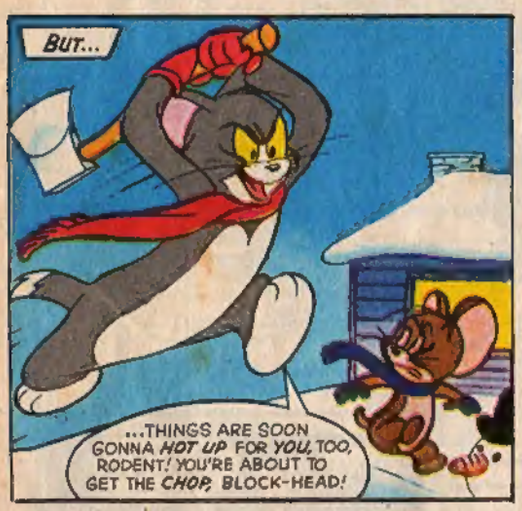
A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

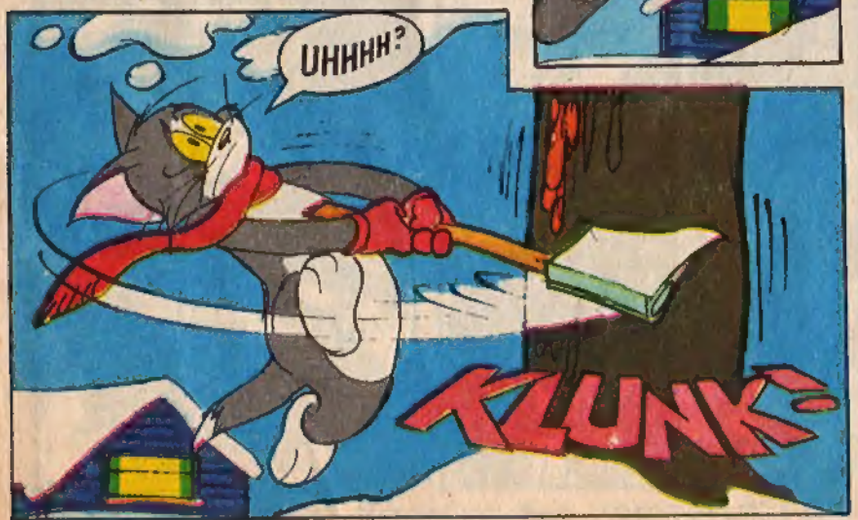
Every Monday

Week ending 14th December, 1974

Number 1200

TOM and JERRY





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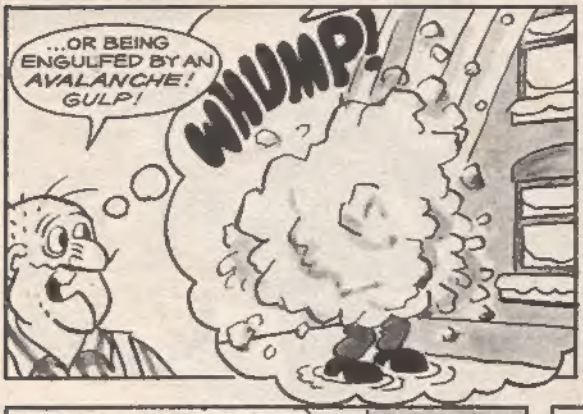
Things get hotter on page 2

MOMENTS LATER...
GRRRR! IF THAT RODENT THINKS I'M GOING TO STEM, MY ATTACK... HES... HUH?
OVER HERE, TATTY CAT!
ENJOY YOURSELF AND HAVE A BALL, TOM— A SNOWBALL! CHUCKLE!
YEAAGH!
THEN...
BACK, TOM—OR I'LL BRANCH OUT AND BASH YOU WITH THIS!
OH, YEAH?
WELL, I'VE TAKEN ENOUGH STICK FROM YOU...
CHOP! CHOP HOP! CHOP!
THAT SOON WHITTLED YOU DOWN TO SIZE, RODENT! WOOD-N'T IT BE FUN TO SEE YOU LIKE SO MUCH SAW-DUST?
TAKE THAT... EH?
LOOKS LIKE YOUR PLAN'S SUNK, TOM— AND YOU'RE SKATING ON THIN ICE YOURSELF!
SPLOSH!
I'D BETTER HIT THE ROOF— BEFORE TOM DOES. I'VE AN IDEA IT COULD BE SAFER FOR ME.
ERRRRRK!
JERRY'S RIGHT!
YOU'RE A SITTING DUCK UP THERE, JERRY! I'LL SOON BRING YOU DOWN TO EARTH AGAIN!
MISSED, TOM!
I'LL JUST SEE HOW THAT CAT'S GETTING ON... HUH?
OH, NO!
LOOK OUT, MAID! TOM'S CAUSED AN AVALANCHE!
AND SO...
JUST WAIT TILL I CATCH YOU...!
NO! HELP!
SNIGGER! I GUESS TOM'S GOT THE DRIFT OF MAID'S INTENTIONS ALL RIGHT! SNIGGER!

A Christmas cat-astroph-tree next week!

TV Terrors



"THIS IS A DAY FOR BEING NICE TO ADULTS! LET THEM HAVE THEIR OWN WAY OR YOUR LUCK WILL CHANGE!"
AND HOPPIT DOESN'T FOOL US! THERE'S NOTHING HE WOULD LIKE BETTER THAN TO WHUMP US!
GIRL MAG

I'M TOO GOOD TO THOSE TERRORS! THEY ASK'ED ME TO WHUMP THEM SO I'M DOING JUST THAT!
BE OUR GUEST, HOPPIT!
YEEK! WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE?
WHUMP!

Hoppit's licked by an envelope soon!

CANYON
ON a small screen in a private office . . .
REMEMBER THIS, FRANK? THIS WAS THE LAST STUNT HE PERFORMED AT COLORADO.
RECORD
SURE! THAT WAS THE DAY HE TRIED TO BREAK SOME SCREWBALL RECORD BY LEAPING OVER THIRTY-ODD PARKED AUTOMOBILES!
OKAY, SO HE WAS LUCKY TO SURVIVE. BUT SIX MONTHS LATER HE'S TRYING TO COMMIT SUICIDE AGAIN OVER A CANYON!
COULD BE HE'S JUST PLAIN STUPID, MAX! AND THAT ALMOST PROVES IT!
BOY! WHAT A NERVE THAT GUY HAS!
DOES THAT MEAN YOU'RE TURNING THE JOB DOWN, FRANK?
FIRST TELL ME WHY A REPUTABLE COMPANY LIKE YOURS IS BACKING THAT CLOWN, MAX?
BUSINESS IS VERY COMPETITIVE, FRANK. YOU MAY NOT LIKE DAZE E. TERNAL AS A GUY, BUT YOU HAVE TO ADMIT HIS GIFT FOR PUBLICITY.
ON INFORMATION THAT SOME ANONYMOUS GAMBLER HAS TAKEN OUT A LARGE WAGER THAT YOUR MAN WON'T SURVIVE, YOU SMELL A RAT.'
ACCORDING TO OUR SOURCE, THIS GUY ONLY BACKS CERTAINTIES!
I THINK I MUST BE GOING NUTS BECAUSE FOR SOME REASON UNKNOWN TO MYSELF I'M TAKING YOUR CRUMMY JOB!
FOUNDATION INSURANCE
PHEW! IS THAT A RELIEF!
REMEMBER, I NEVER MADE ANY PROMISE THAT I COULD STOP HIM KILLING HIMSELF. IN FACT, I'D BETTER MEET HIM FAST BEFORE HE HAS TO CHANGE HIS NAME TO DAZE R. NUMBERED!

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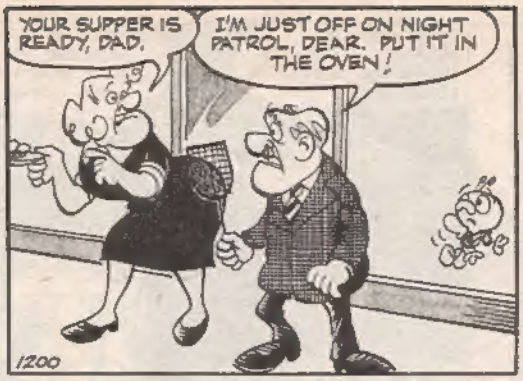
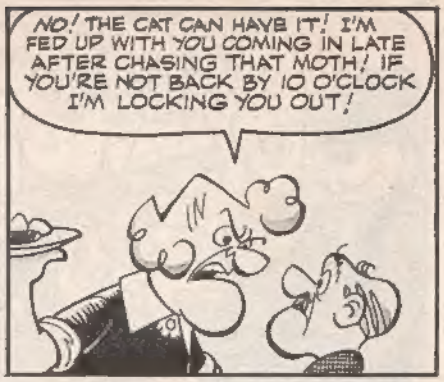
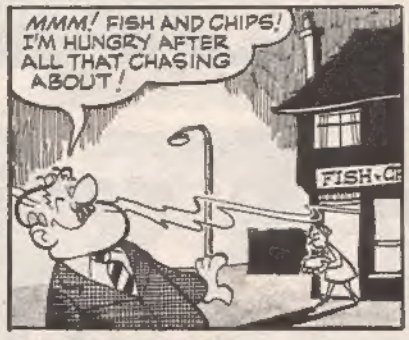
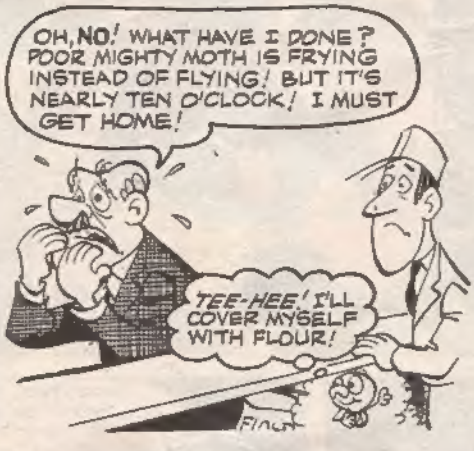
Ternal tries a dangerous stunt next week!

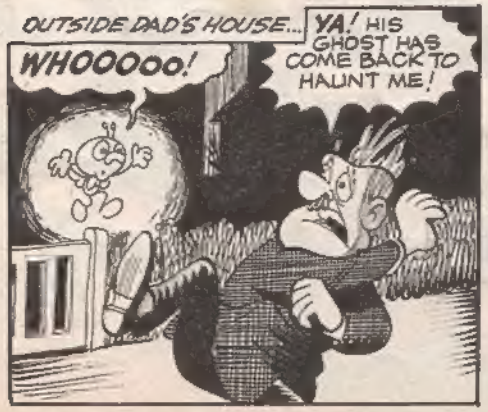
MIGHTY MOTH

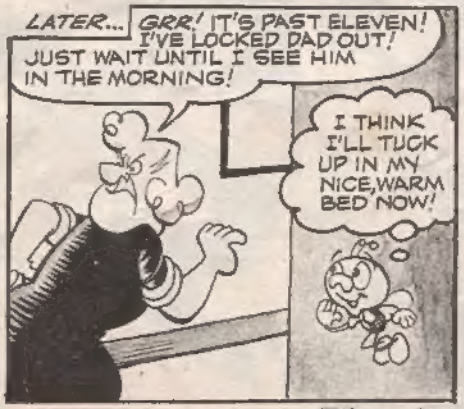



NO! THE CAT CAN HAVE IT! I'M FED UP WITH YOU COMING IN LATE AFTER CHASING THAT MOTH! IF YOU'RE NOT BACK BY 10 O'CLOCK I'M LOCKING YOU OUT!




OH, NO! WHAT HAVE I DONE? POOR MIGHTY MOTH IS FRYING INSTEAD OF FLYING! BUT IT'S NEARLY TEN O'CLOCK! I MUST GET HOME!
TEE-HEE! I'LL COVER MYSELF WITH FLOUR!




LATER...
GRR! IT'S PAST ELEVEN! I'VE LOCKED DAD OUT! JUST WAIT UNTIL I SEE HIM IN THE MORNING!
I THINK I'LL TUCK UP IN MY NICE, WARM BED NOW!

THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON! I CAN HEAR THAT MOTH SNORING WHILE I'M LOCKED OUT, COLD AND HUNGRY! AND WHEN MA GETS HOLD OF ME IN THE MORNING I'VE HAD MY CHIPS!

Blowing up balloons is a gas soon!

BARNEY BEAR
I'VE NEVER PLAYED TEN-PIN BOWLING BEFORE, BARNEY!
DON'T WORRY, MOOSE. I'LL SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE.
TEN-PIN-BOWL
IF YOU KNOCK ALL THE PINS DOWN IN ONE GO IT'S CALLED A 'STRIKE.' JUST WATCH.
SEE. A STRIKE FIRST TRY!
ER, BARNEY!
THAT'S NOT SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN!
IT'S COME BACK AGAIN!
CAN'T YOU READ? ERNIE, THE REPAIR MAN, IS DOWN THERE! I'VE BEEN WAITING AGES TO HAVE THAT MACHINERY MENDED!
THIS LANE NOT IN USE
I'M NOT WORKIN' DOWN THERE ANY MORE. SOME CLOT KEEPS SENDIN' BALLS DOWN!
BUT, ERNIE...
THIS
GRR! THIS IS ALL YOUR DOING! FOR TEN-PINS, I'D...
NOW, NOW, SIR! TEMPER! COUNT TEN!
TRUST BARNEY! BECAUSE OF HIM ERNIE'S GONE ON STRIKE!

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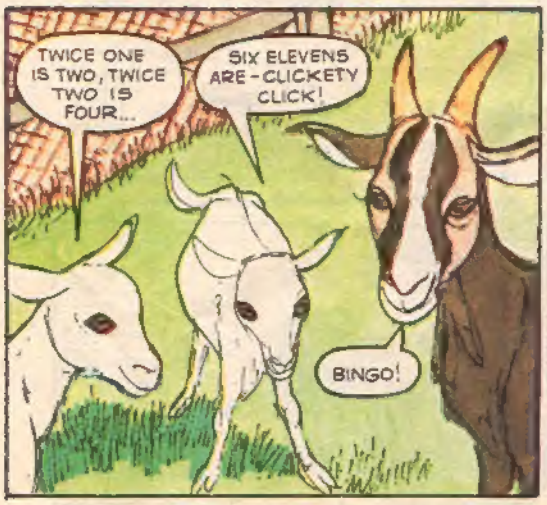
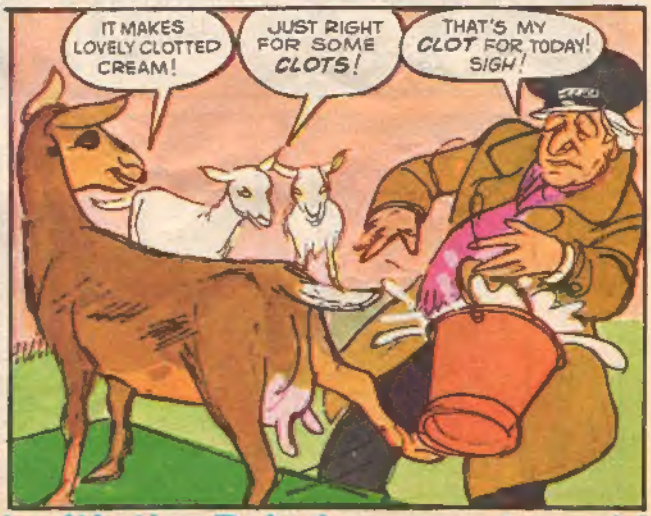
Barney and Moose are on the loose soon!

JOHNNY MORRIS'S ANIMAL MAGIC





Jump to it with the Reindeers next week!

DROOPY

THERE... IT'S FINISHED AT LAST!

NEXT MOMENT...

THAT'S A FUNNY-LOOKING TELEVISION AERIAL, DROOPY...

EH...? OH, IT'S NOT FOR PICKING UP PICTURES BUT *SIGNALS FROM SPACE*, BUTCH.

INSIDE DROOPY'S WORKSHOP...

DID YOU KNOW THEY'RE BEING TRANSMITTED ALL THE TIME, BUTCH? I SURE HOPE *I'M* LUCKY ENOUGH TO RECEIVE SOME.

YOU WILL BE, PAL! *HUR! HUR!*

BACK HOME, BUTCH SETS TO WORK...

YOU COULD SAY THIS PLAN OF MINE TO TRICK THAT DUMB DOG IS *OUT OF THIS WORLD!*

MIKE

SOON...

CALLING EARTH...WE COME IN PEACE...

OUR LANDING POINT WILL BE AS FOLLOWS...

HEY! JUST LISTEN TO THAT! SOMEONE'S ACTUALLY TALKING OUR LANGUAGE OUT THERE IN SPACE...

OH, BOY! THEY SAY THEY'RE GONNA ARRIVE RIGHT BY MY HOUSE. I'D BETTER GET *PREPARED*...

OUTSIDE, A WHILE LATER...

HEH! HEH! RECKON DROOPY'S SUFFERING FROM SHOCK AFTER THAT. I'LL TAKE A LOOK...

EAAAGH!

L-LEMME OUTTA HERE! K-KEEP THAT TH-THING FROM OUTER SPACE AWAY!

GEE! I ONLY PUT THIS ON TO STOP ANY SPACE-VISITOR CATCHING EARTH-TYPE GERMS, POOR OLD BUTCH DIDN'T *GET THE MESSAGE*, THOUGH!

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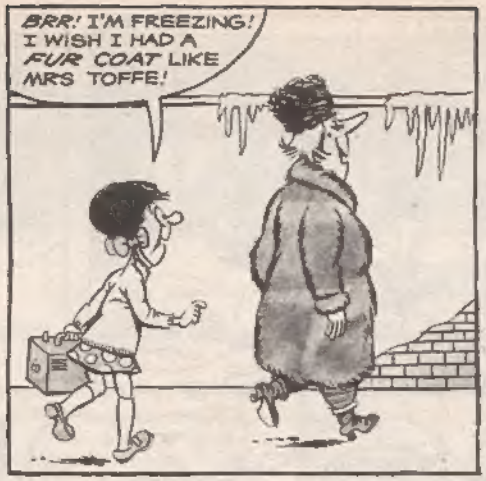
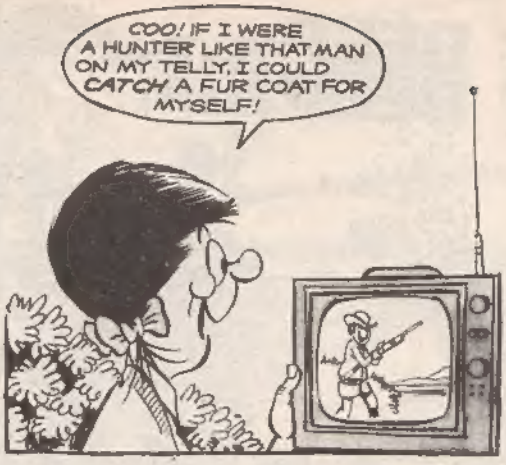
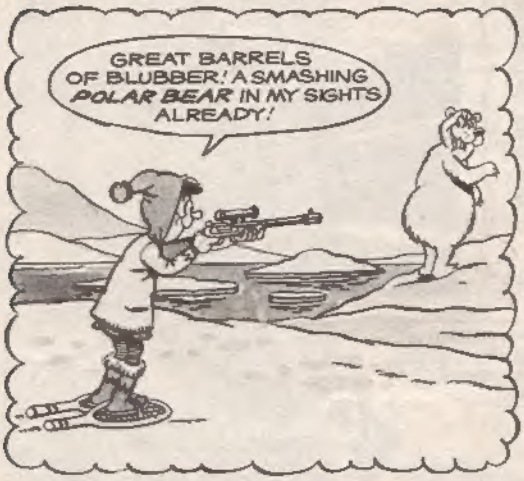
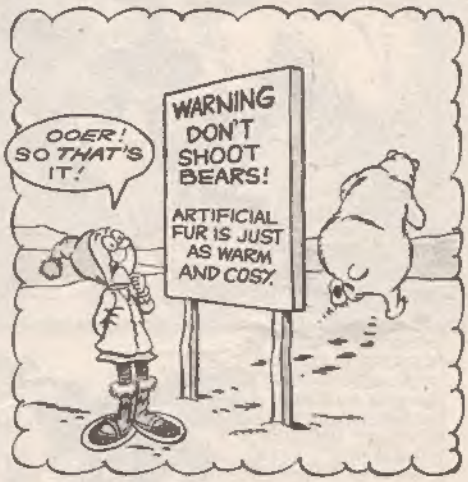
Droopy presents a knockout gift soon!

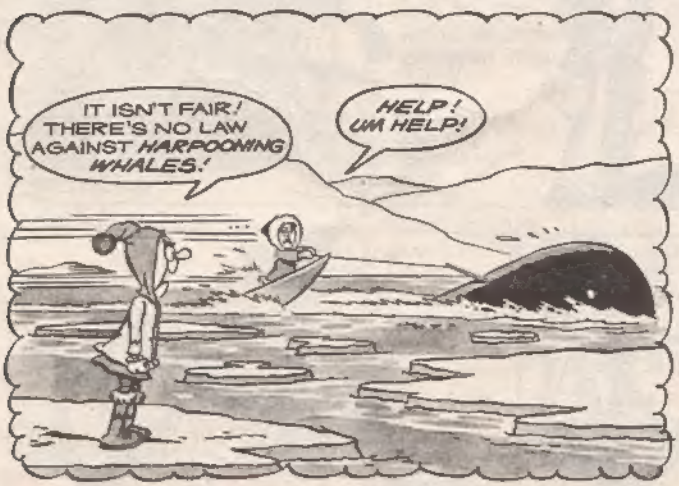
Nelly AND HER Telly

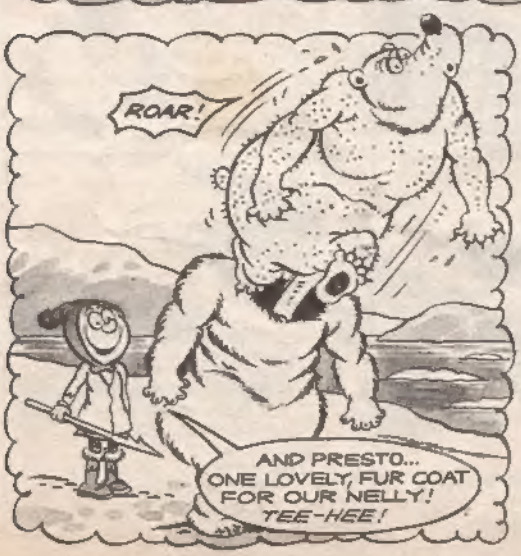






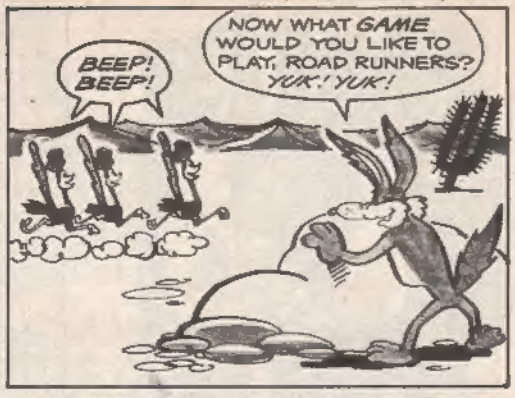


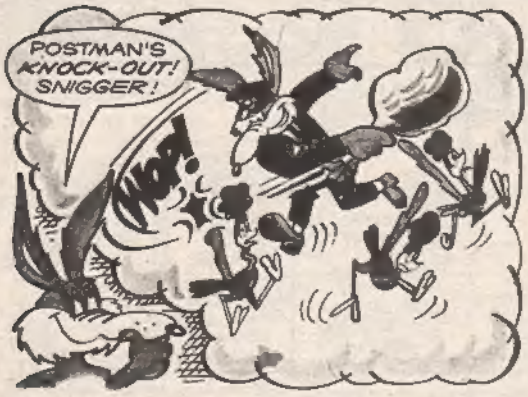


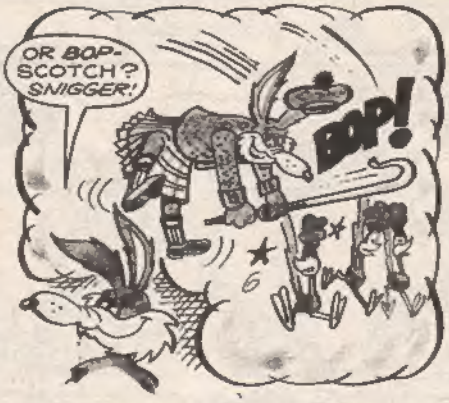


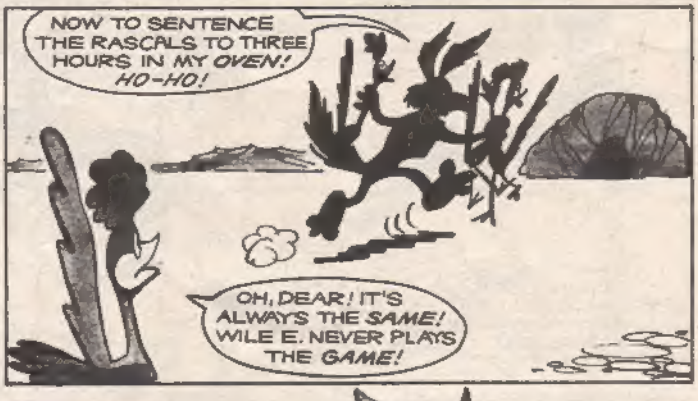
WELL, THAT'S ONE PART OF YOU THAT WON'T FEEL THE COLD, NELLY!
BAH! THERE'S NOTHING ARTIFICIAL ABOUT THE HARD LEATHER ON MRS TOFFE'S SHOE!

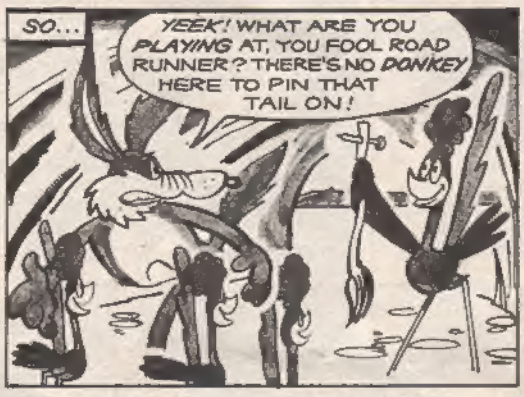
BEEP BEEP The Road Runner











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Countdown to Christmas next week.

Readers' Page

£1 for every item published on this page. Plus £2 for the special Star Letter of the week. Send your entry to: TV Comic, Polly Perkins House, 382/386 Edgware Road, London W2 1EP.

Special Announcement!

HUNT THE WINNER!

Calling John Phillips, of 53 TY-FRY, MID GLAM, SOUTH WALES. You are a lucky runner-up in our recent TOM and JERRY competition. However, the postman says he cannot deliver your prize of a glove puppet as your address is incomplete. PLEASE write to me as soon as possible with your full address, including your POSTAL TOWN. Then your show can go on the road — straight to you!

THE EDITOR

I am ten years old and this is a photograph of me and my dog Sabre. He is a Samoyed and his proper name is Snowchryst Rhonie. I also have two cats called Toots and Tiddles. Next Whitsun my class in school are going to Belgium for five days. I am trying to save up for the trip. I am also learning to play the violin. In TV Comic my favourites are Laurel and Hardy and Popeye

Lynn Bradshaw, Blackmill, Bridgend.

What a 'posh' dog! I wouldn't tell 'Toots' and 'Tiddles' what the strings of a violin are called! The postal order you'll soon be receiving will add to the holiday fund a little, won't it?

Dear Editor

Here is a photo of my sister Clare and myself in our garden. I am eleven years old and my favourite stories in TV Comic are Pink Panther and TV Terrors. My hobbies are swimming and beagling. We have fourteen pets; one guinea pig, four goldfish, four rabbits, three dogs and two cats

Faith Harvey, Wirral, Cheshire.

On the fifth day of Christmas, Faith Harvey said to me . . . Five (should be four, really) goldfish, four furry bunnies . . . Three beagle hounds, two pussy cats . . . and a guinea pig in a pear tree! Well, it is coming up to Christmas, isn't it, Faith?

I have a limerick for Readers' Page.

There was a young lady whose chin,
Resembled the point of a pin,
So she had it made sharp,
And purchased a harp,
And played several tunes with her chin.

David Whitcutt, Boreham Wood, Herts.

Did you hear of her brother called Pete?
Who had twenty toes on his feet,
With these he could strum a guitar—bang a drum.
But the music he played was off-beat!

I live on a farm where there is plenty to do. I sometimes help my Dad to feed the sheep but most of the time we are looking for rats. My favourite hobby is swimming, and a few weeks ago I swam a mile. My favourite characters in TV Comic are Tarzan and Tom and Jerry

Robert Eltham, Kelvedon Hatch, Brentwood, Essex.

Before you wrote to me, Robert, I always fancied living on a farm. The thought of those rats has quite changed my mind! I think I'd swim a mile with a few rats after me!

I am writing to tell you about my pet hamster called Hammy. One day, my brother and I went to get Hammy out of his cage, but we found it empty. We looked all around for him, then I looked under the stairs and found him curled up in some dusters, fast asleep. he must have got in the cupboard, then someone must have shut the doors without knowing he was there. We put him back in his cage and the first thing he did was have a long drink of water

Susan Wetton, Woodhouse Eaves, Leics.

He gave you quite a chase, didn't he, Susan.

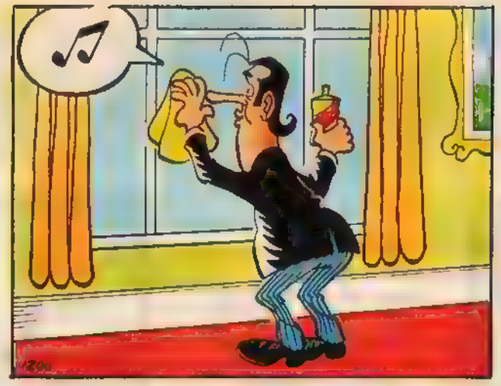
STAR LETTER

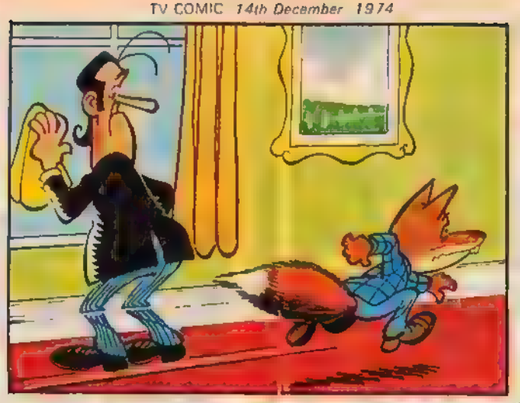
I have written to tell you about the time when Mum and Dad went out, and I thought I would go for a walk. I left them a note saying 'gone for a walk — key is in the shed'. When I came home they were laughing because they had to get the key to read the note. My favourite story in TV Comic is Pink Panther. This is a photograph of me.

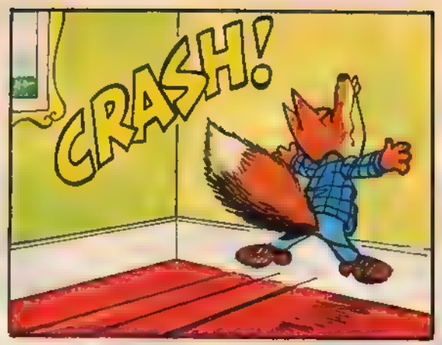
Anne Clark, Halesworth, Suffolk.

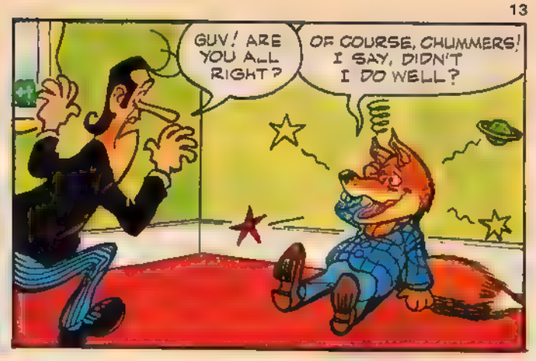
Oh, Anne Clark, forgetful she,
Wrote a note about a key,
Telling both her Mum and Dad,
Where their door key could be had
Left her note within the house,
Went for a walk, the silly mouse.
Locked the door and hid the key,
In the shed — well, didn't she?

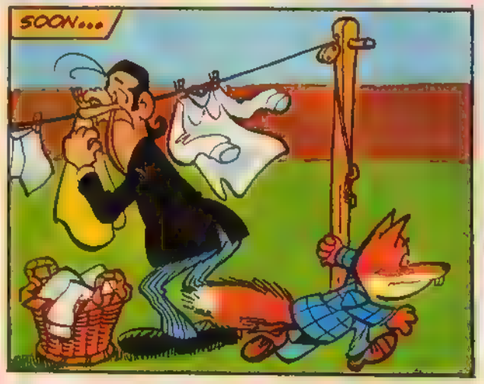
BASIL BRUSH

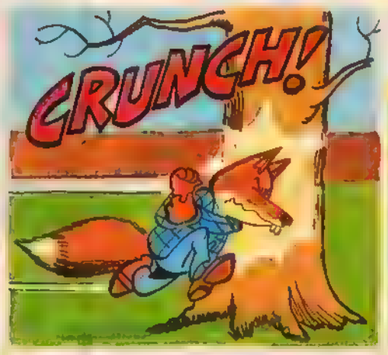


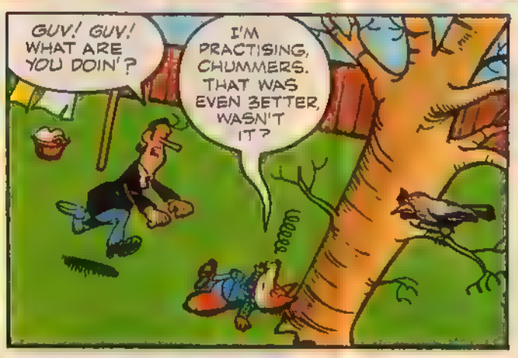


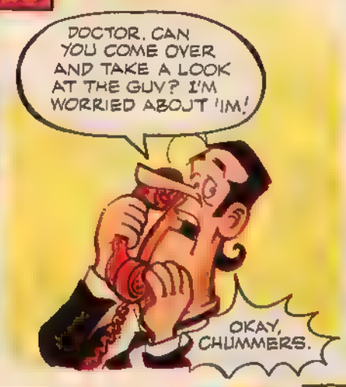


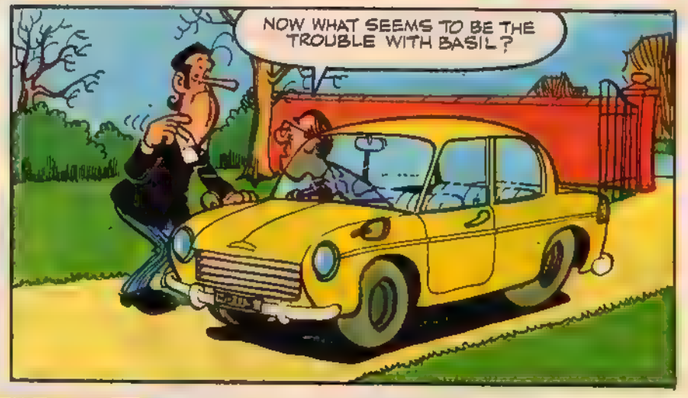


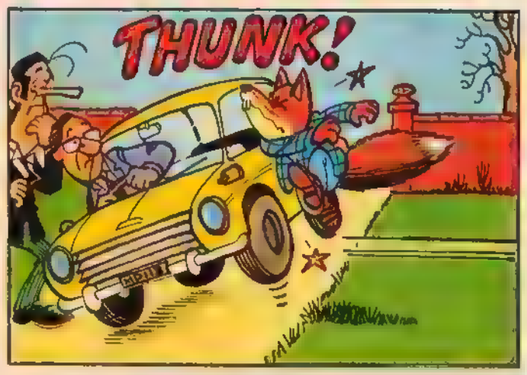


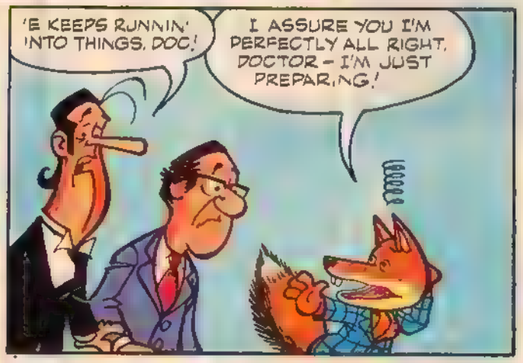


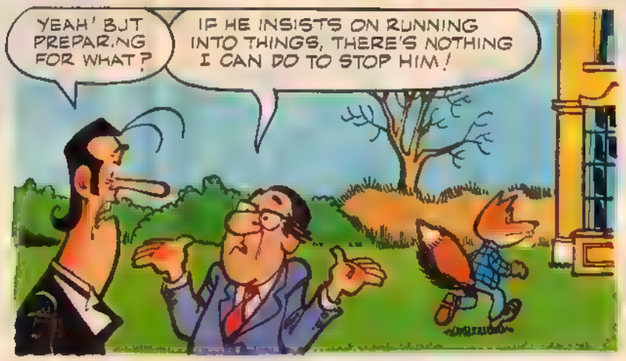


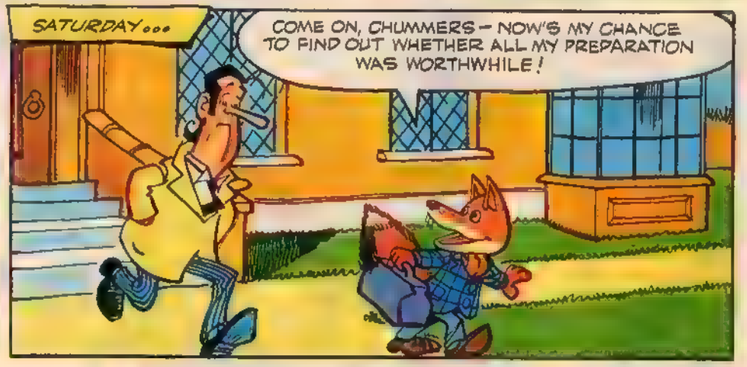


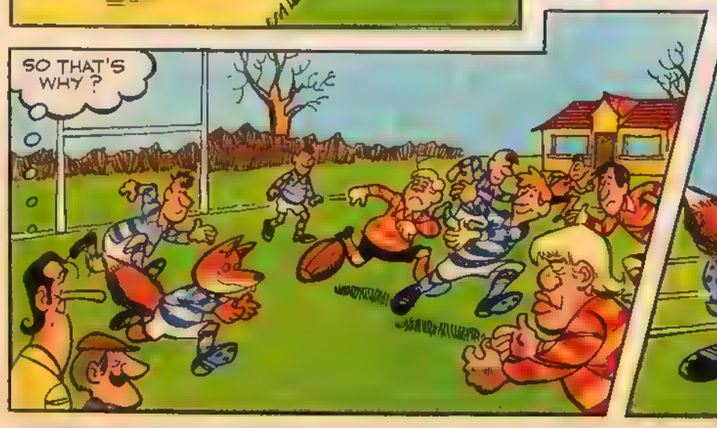


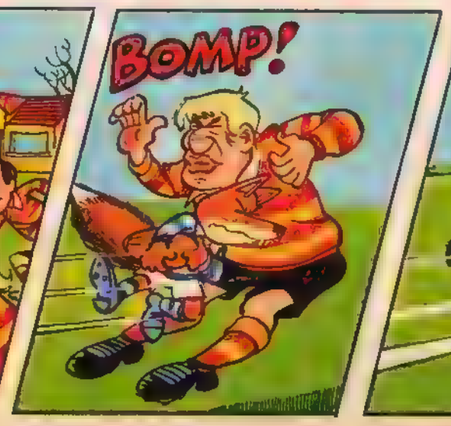


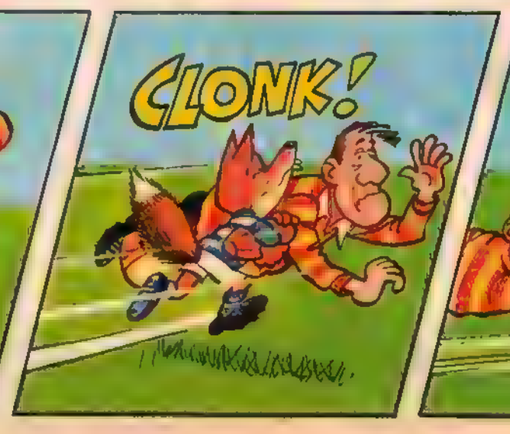


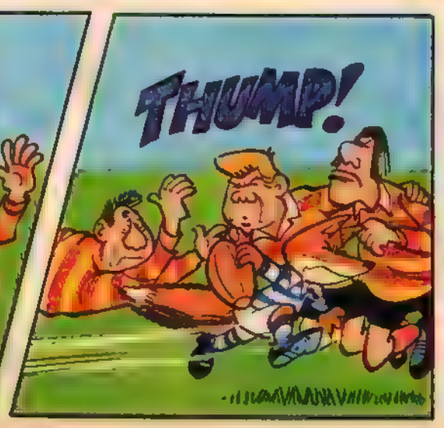












Join Basil when he sees Santa soon!

TARZAN

TARZAN leads chief Manda's Banzali tribe to higher ground, after their own territory is devastated by floods. But as the wind rises, nearby elephants attack as though possessed. Manda believes Tarzan is responsible and, with the approach of another storm, delivers an ultimatum . . .

1200

THE STRONG ONES GROW ANGRY AGAIN, JUNGLE LORD. IF THEY COME FOR MY PEOPLE, *BOY* WILL BE FIRST TO DIE!

I WILL TRY AND STOP THEM— THOUGH YOU ARE WRONG TO BLAME ME, MANDA.

TARZAN RUNS WITH THE SPEED OF A JUNGLE CAT...

WIND, ALONE, WOULD NOT CAUSE THE ELEPHANT HERD TO ATTACK. I MUST DISCOVER THE *REAL* REASON IF I AM TO SAVE BOY!

MEANWHILE..

I DO NOT TRUST THE JUNGLE LORD. IF HE PLANS TO TRICK US THIS TIME, YOU WILL SLAY HIM! GO NOW, WARRIORS!

SO BE IT, O MANDA!

TARZAN SOON LOCATES THE HERD ..

THE BULLS FIGHT EACH OTHER. SOON THEY WILL TURN THEIR WRATH ON THE BANZALI. THEIR RAGE GROWS WITH THE STORM!

THEN A STRANGE ROCK FORMATION DRAWS HIS ATTENTION...

BY THE SPIRITS! PERHAPS I HAVE FOUND THE ANSWER!

OTHERS ARE CLOSE BY, TOO...

DO NOT LOSE HIM— HE NEARS THE STRONG ONES. HE WILL HAVE NO CHANCE FOR TREACHERY

SUDDENLY

UHH...?

BEWARE!

SAVE ME *AAAGH!*

SO, MANDA SENDS WARRIORS TO TRACK ME!

TO PROVE MY INNOCENCE, I MUST SAVE HIM— EVEN IF I FORFEIT MY *OWN* LIFE!

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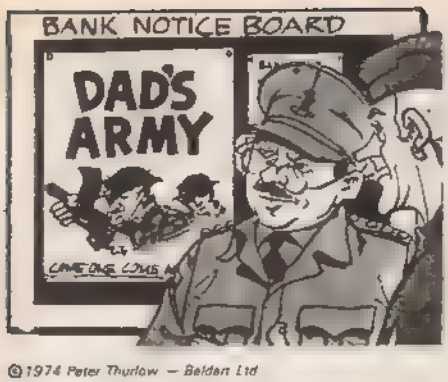
Speed outwits strength next week!

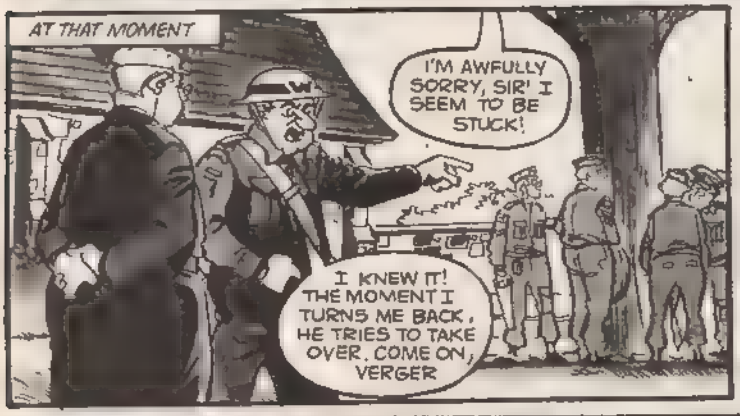


©1974 Peter Thurlow — Beldam Ltd

RUBBISH. THAT BRANCH WAS OBSTRUCTING MY FIRE-WATCHING LOOKOUT!
I CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT!
SHALL I MARCH THE MEN INTO THE HALL, SIR?

BUT A VOICE FROM ABOVE THINKS OTHERWISE..
I REALLY CAN'T ALLOW YOU TO SLAUGHTER THIS BEAUTIFUL TREE, MR MAINWARING.
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, GODFREY!

AND AFTER MANY HOURS OF SOLID REASONING
YOU PROMISE YOU WON'T CUT IT DOWN, CORPORAL JONES?
OF COURSE NOT, MR GODFREY CAPTAIN MAINWARING LOVES TREES, DON'T YOU, SIR?
ER..YES ALL RIGHT!


AT THAT MOMENT
I'M AWFULLY SORRY, SIR! I SEEM TO BE STUCK!
I KNEW IT! THE MOMENT I TURNS ME BACK, HE TRIES TO TAKE OVER. COME ON, VERGER

A sentry box has a shattering effect soon!

BOPPO'S CLUB

Westmerland House,
104 Stokes Croft,
Bristol BS99 7QX.

Hello, Boys and Girls,

Here we are again, with Christmas only a little while away; I hope you are nearly ready for this wonderful festival, with all your shopping done and your cards ready for posting to your parents and friends. Isn't it all exciting?

I still have lots to do because I am helping some of my friends who have asked me to take or send their gifts of money and toys to special schools and centres for handicapped children. Also, of course, I must finish the judging of our Christmas competition entries so that the postman has time to deliver the prizes.

I have been writing in TV Comic for almost a year now and I have made lots and lots of new friends, many of whom have been kind enough to send me gifts for our Bounty Box. In fact, so many boys and girls have helped me that it would take pages and pages of space in TV Comic to mention them all. Please don't be disappointed if I am unable to print your name, or publish your photograph, but please keep up the wonderful work you are doing as I need your help.

One little group of members I must tell you about — Deborah, Jane and Sharon Carver from Newport, in Monmouthshire, because, with some of their friends, they persuaded the grown-ups to help them to organise a Garden Fete. They must have worked jolly hard, for not only did they send me a cheque for £18.50, but told me that the same amount was being sent to another good cause, too!

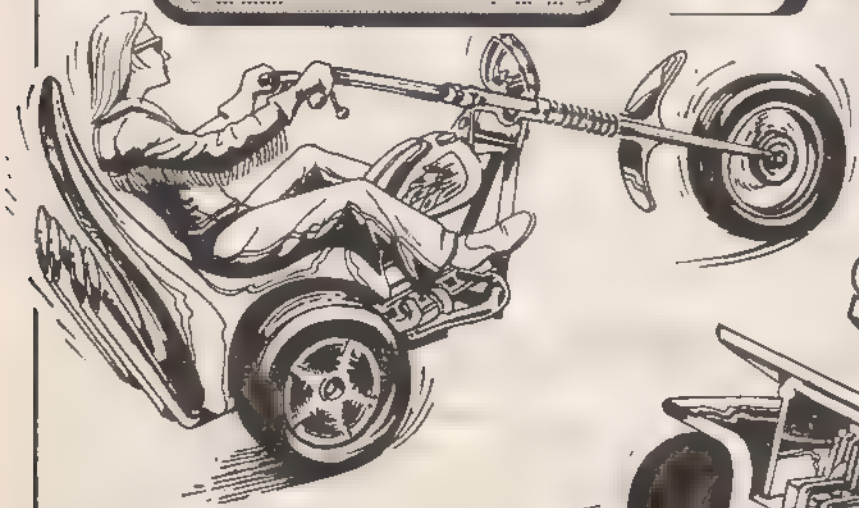
I would just like to finish off this letter by saying that I do hope you have a very happy time with your family and friends, and that you will think about the boys and girls whom we are all trying to help.

LACCD ZLWH ABACDFRA!

Your old friend

Boppo

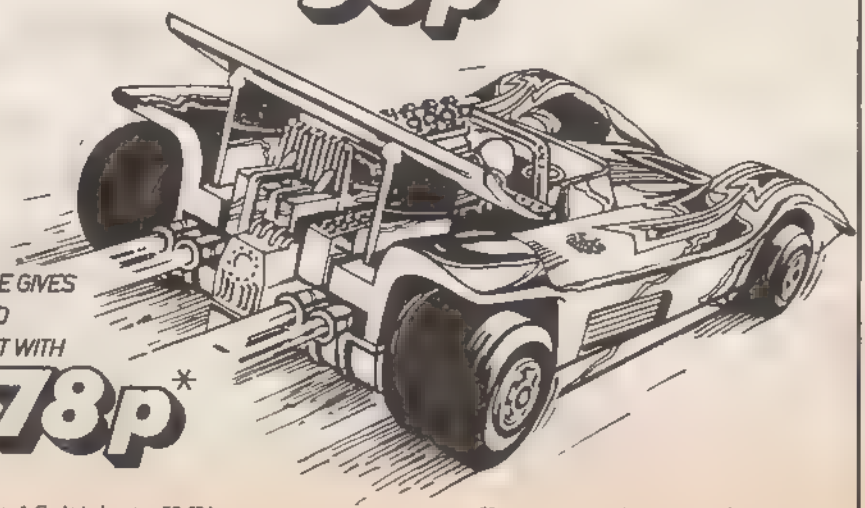
"MATCHBOX" Speed Kings



EASY RIDER K-47

CATCH US IF YOU CAN! YOU'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST, THIS CUSTOM-BUILT CHOPPER TAKES A LOT OF BEATING. IT COMES COMPLETE WITH DARE-DEVIL ACTION JOINTED RIDER YOU'VE GOT TO BE TOUGH TO RIDE THIS CHOPPER!

96p*



MARAUDER K-45

HERE'S REAL POWER. A HUGE V18 REAR ENGINE GIVES THIS CAR ALL THE PACE A RACING DRIVER COULD ASK FOR. THE DRIVER SITS LOW IN THE COCKPIT WITH AN OVERHEAD BAR TO PROTECT HIM. AS THE MARAUDER SCREAMS ALONG ITS FAT WIDE WHEELS GRIP IT FIRM ON THE RACE TRACK.

78p*

"MATCHBOX" is the registered Trade Mark of Lesney Products & Co Ltd., London E9 5PA.

*Recommended retail price at time of going to press.

The BUGS BUNNY Show
'HOME COOKING'
♪ TUM-TWI-TUM! I'M HAPPY HOME COOKING! ♪
I'M RATHER PARTIAL TO HOME COOKING, MYSELF, LITTLE BIRDIE!
THE PUTEY-TAT! G-GWULP!
AND I'M PLANNING ON MAKING A MEAL OF YOU! SNIGGER!
HWELP!
YOUR GOOSE IS COOKED, CANARY! YUK! YUK!
BUT I'M NOT HUNGRY NOW!
AND ..
THAT'LL KEEP YOU SAFE WHILE I SEEK A SUITABLE DISH! SLURP!
WAT'S NOT FAIR, PUTEY-TAT!
NOW WHAT SHALL WE HAVE? CANARY CASSEROLE? CURRIED CANARY? CANARY SUPREME?
COOKERY BOOK
?
PLUCK!
DELIGHTFUL CREATURE! MY LUNCH HAS STARTED TO PLUCK ITSELF! PRAY PROCEED! YUK!
TICKLE! TICKLE!
OOH! ME HATE BEING TWICKLED! BUT ME HAVE TO PWUCK UP THE COURAGE!
AAAA
YIKES! WHAT'S THAT CANARY COOKING UP NOW?
DONG!
-Choooo
NYAAAR!
TWEET! TWEET!
CWOO! WISTEN TO THAT! I THOUGHT IT WAS BWIRDIES WHO WENT TWEET!
I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DUMB CAT THIS TIME?
PROBABLY BIT OFF MORE THAN HE COULD CHEW AGAIN! CHUCKLE!
♪ HWOME CWOOKING! HWOME CWOOKING ♪

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Another rabbit riot with Bugsy soon.

POPEYE
SPINACH
WHATTYA MAKIN', KIDDLIN'?
YOU'LL SEE WHEN IT'S FINISHED, UNCA.
PLANS
IT'S NICE TO SEE SWEE'PEA USIN' HIS BRAINS AND HIS HANDS TO MAKE SOMETHIN', OLIVE.
YES. WHAT IS IT?
I DUNNO. MAYBE IT'S A...
IT WORKS!
JUST LOOK! IT SUBMERGES AND SURFACES JUST LIKE A REAL SUBMARINE!
SO THAT'S WHAT IT IS?
CONGRATULATIONS, SWEE'PEA. IT WAS VERY CLEVER OF YA TO MAKE THAT SUBMARINE!
THAT WAS JUST A MODEL TO SEE IF IT WOULD WORK! JUST YOU WAIT UNTIL I MAKE THE REAL THING!
OH, MY GORSH!
PLAN
POPEYE, YOU MUST STOP HIM MAKING THAT SUBMARINE. IT'S DANGEROUS!
I KNOW, OLIVE! BUT I DON'T WANT TO DISCOURAGE THE LAD — LEAVE IT TO ME!
SOON...
THERE! IT'S READY FOR ITS MAIDEN VOYAGE!
I'LL GO OUT WITH YA IN MY BOAT, KID!
ALL READY TO SUBMERGE. SEE YA LATER.
SOB!
DON'T WORRY, OLIVE — I HAS HIM TIED UP!
50 FEET... 100 FEET...
200 FEET UP PERISCOPE!
HE-HE! I BROUGHT THE FISH TANK ALONG!
AMAZING!
LATER...
WHAT WAS IT LIKE IN THE DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN, SWEE'PEA?
AMAZING! THERE WERE HUGE SEA MONSTERS! OCTOPUSES WITH A HUNDRED TENTACLES! SWORD-FISH WITH SWORDS TWENTY FEET LONG!
SWEE'PEA AIN'T ONLY CLEVER AT MAKIN' THINGS, HE HAS A VIVID IMAGINATION AS WELL! ARF! ARF!

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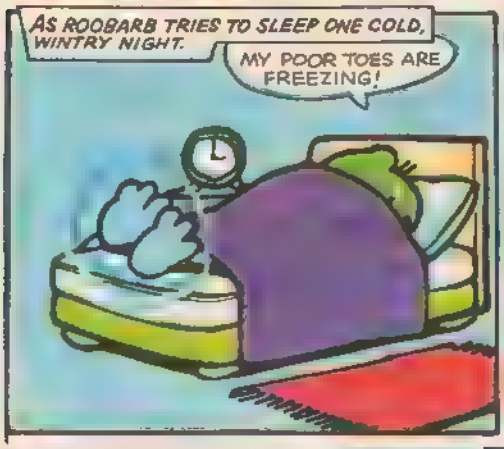
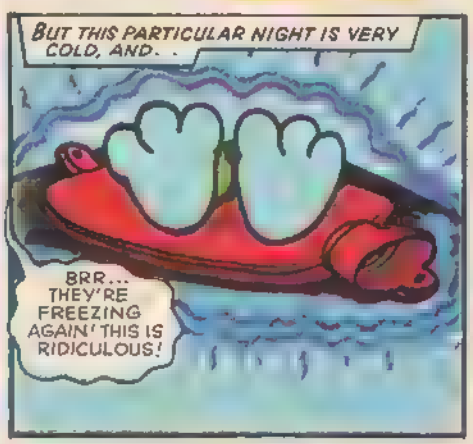
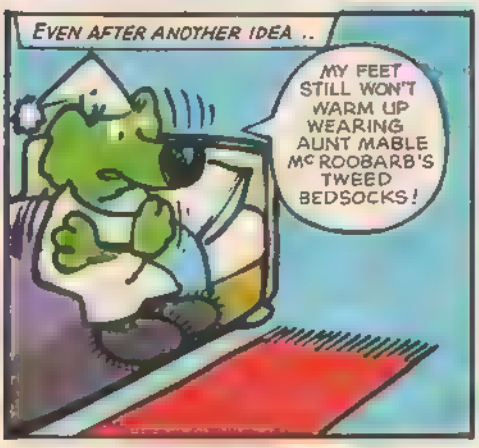
A song for all seasons soon!

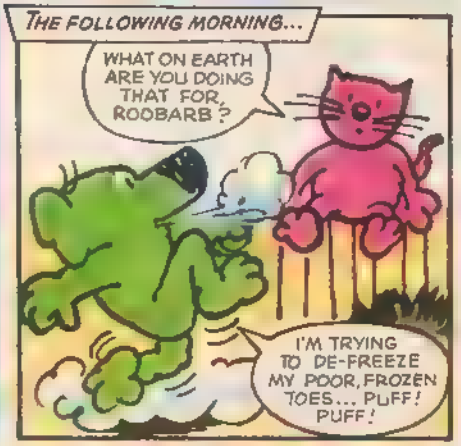
THE WORLD'S FUNNIEST DOG-and CUSTARD the CAT

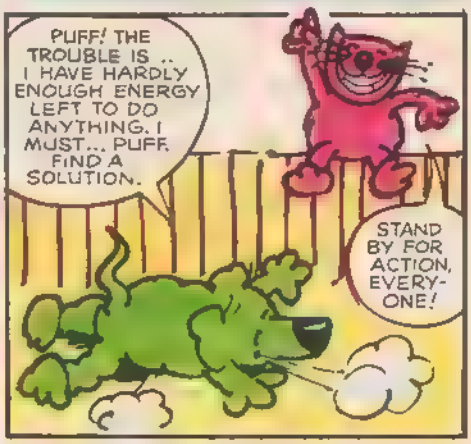
Roobarb

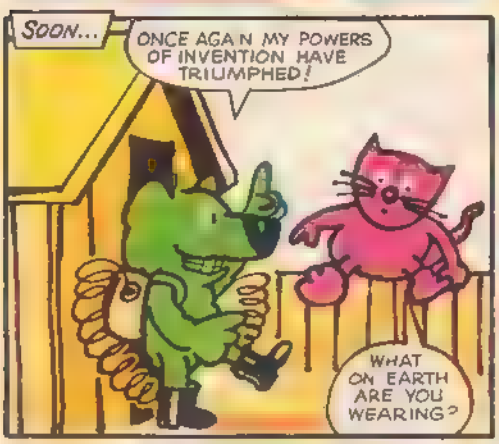


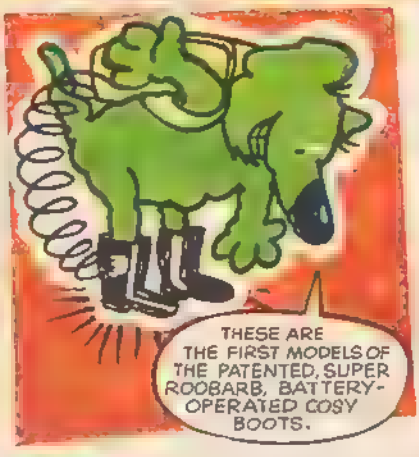


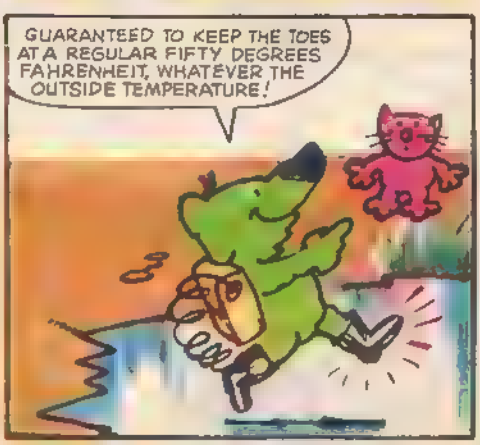


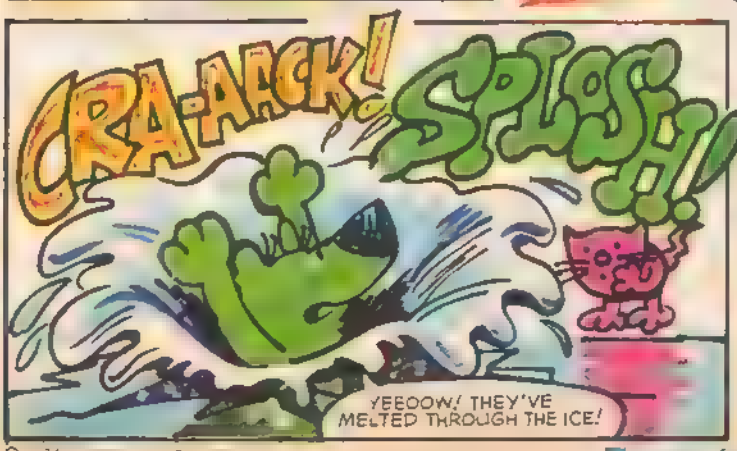


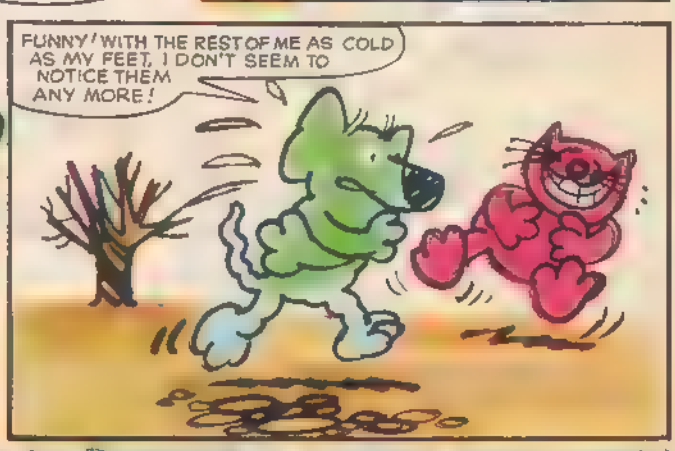

PUFF! THE TROUBLE IS .. I HAVE HARDLY ENOUGH ENERGY LEFT TO DO ANYTHING. I MUST... PUFF. FIND A SOLUTION.
STAND BY FOR ACTION, EVERY-ONE!











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Tune in to Roobarb's singing next week!

DON'T DELAY! SEND TODAY!

As you may have noticed already, many of your favourite annuals are not available. To save our readers from any disappointment, TV COMIC is offering these four great titles on sale direct to you, at no increased cost!

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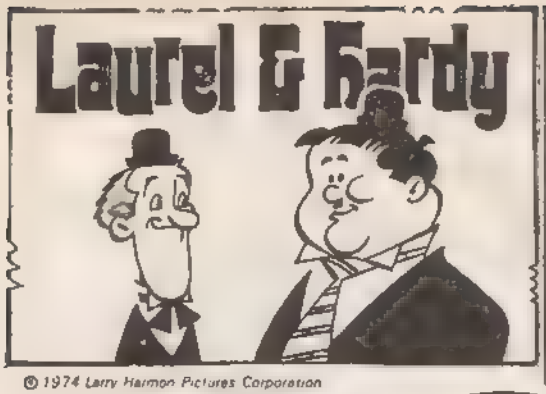
Laurel & Hardy



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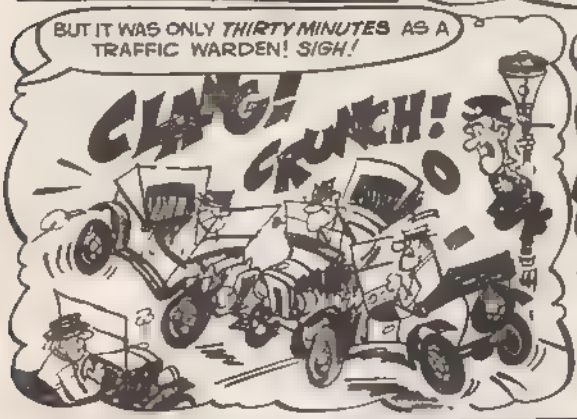

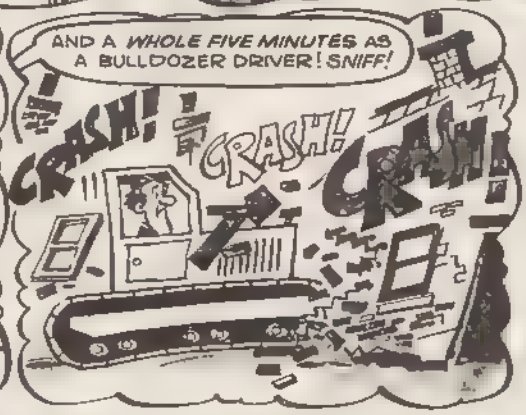

AUNT SALLY
YAAGH! JUST YOU WAIT, OLLIE! I'LL MAKE YOU *PAY FOR THAT!*
TEE-HEE! LET'S *FACE* IT, STANLEY! YOU HAVE THIS JOB FOR *TEN* MINUTES NOW! WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A *HIT! CHUCKLE!*

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THE WANDERERS

APPARENTLY held in space by the time lords, the Doctor begins to believe he has been imprisoned in the Tardis as a punishment for his recent, adventures on the Moon. But then . . .

SO I WAS WRONG. I'M MOVING AT SOME CONSIDERABLE SPEED.

GOOD GRIEF! NOT ONLY AM I MOVING THROUGH TIME BUT ON AN ACCELERATED LINEAR PLANE!

HAVE I SINNED SO GREATLY THAT THEY ARE GOING TO HAVE DONE WITH ME FOR GOOD? THE OLD GIRL WON'T STAND THIS MUCH LONGER...

WHILST IN A DISTANT GALAXY, ANOTHER DRAMA IS BEING PLAYED...

A MALFUNCTION IN THE CRYODORM? HOW CAN THAT SUDDENLY BE POSSIBLE? THE ROBOT REPLACEMENT UNIT HAS NEVER PLAYED UP BEFORE...

THE ANCIENT ASTRONAUT ENTERS A SILENT WORLD OF PERPETUAL SLEEP, BROKEN ONLY BY THE HUM OF MACHINERY, AND THERE...

MORUN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING...?

YOU DOOM THEM TO CERTAIN DEATH! I CANNOT SEE OUR RACE EXTINGUISHED SO...

THE DYING STARSHIP COMMANDER COMPELS HIS FINGERS TO OPERATE ONE LAST SEQUENCE OVER A SMALL CONTROL PANEL...

UHHH...

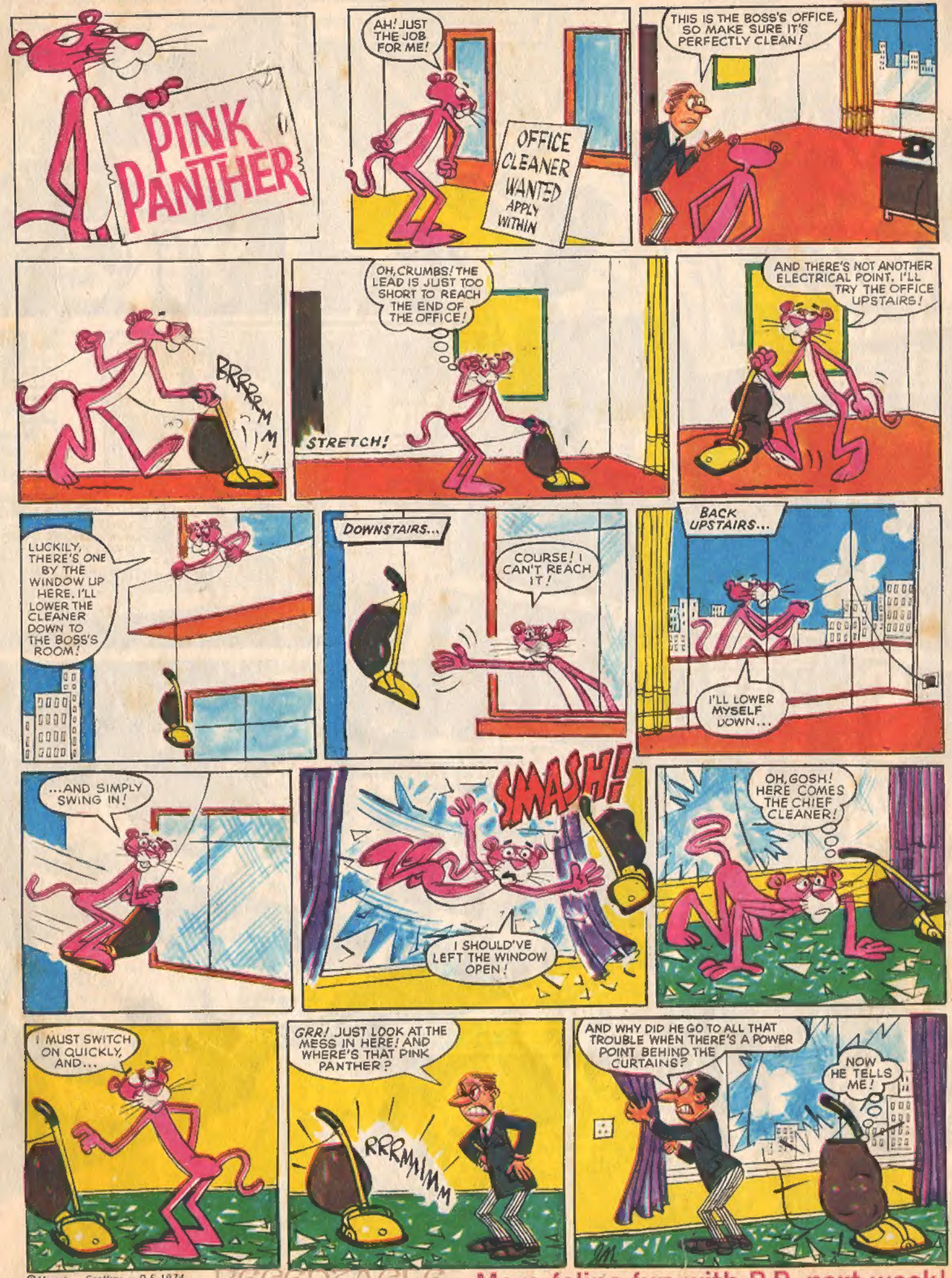
HE'S DEAD! SO NOW I'M ALONE... AND WHAT NIGHTMARE HAVE I INHERITED?

I SUPPOSE I SHOULD BE THANKFUL THAT HE ONLY HAD TIME TO RELEASE THE MALE. HIS RESPIRATORY FUNCTION WILL BE FULLY RETURNED IN TWO GALACTIC HOURS.

© 1974 BBC tv Enterprises

ONCE HE IS RECOVERED, I AM AT HIS MERCY. WHAT CAN I DO IF HE WILL NOT ACCEPT MY AUTHORITY? I'D BETTER CHECK THE PREDICTOR FOR HIS CHARACTER READING.
MEANWHILE, THE DOCTOR'S JOURNEY HAS ALSO DEVELOPED NIGHTMARISH QUALITIES...
THE HEAT... I CAN'T STAND IT MUCH LONGER...
THAT'S THREE TIME WARPS. I CAN'T STAND A FOURTH AND NEITHER CAN THE OLD GIRL. THIS MUST BE THE END...
BUT NO SOONER HAS THE DOCTOR DECIDED HIS FATE, THAN...
PHEW! WE'RE SLOWING AT LAST...
BACK ON THE LONELY STARSHIP, ALTO HAS JUST BEGUN TO RECEIVE THE HISTORY OF HIS LIVING PROBLEM...
SUBJECT NO. 1633... ZEROS NIKEN... SCIENTIST GRADE ONE PLUS... COMMUNICATIONS EXPERT... AGE AT BLAST OFF... 24 YEARS 18 DAYS...
BUT AS THE INFORMATION CONTINUES TO FLOW...
...IMPETUOUS... SELF-WILLED... MARGINAL CASE FOR INCLUSION. ELECTED TO PRESERVATION PARTY BY ONLY ONE VOTE...
AND LAST OF ALL...
PREDICTION... WILL OVER-RULE YOU AND ASSUME COMMAND... WILL RELEASE OTHER SUBJECTS AND RETURN TO PLANET 1007... RECOMMEND NEUTRALISATION...
HAVE I THE STOMACH TO KILL A SLEEPING COMRADE?
THEN AN ALARM SIGNAL SUDDENLY SHRILLS AND THE SCREEN FILLS WITH A DIFFERENT PICTURE...
WHAT IN CREATION IS THAT?
NATURAL ORIGIN NEGATIVE... GEOMETRIC FORM SUGGESTS MANUFACTURE BY INTELLIGENCE... PROPULSION SYSTEM NEGATIVE... FABRIC OF STRUCTURE NEGATIVE...
AT THAT VERY MOMENT IN THE CRYODORM...

Next week: hunter becomes hunted!


PINK PANTHER
AH! JUST THE JOB FOR ME!
OFFICE CLEANER WANTED APPLY WITHIN
THIS IS THE BOSS'S OFFICE, SO MAKE SURE IT'S PERFECTLY CLEAN!
BRRRRMMM
OH, CRUMBS! THE LEAD IS JUST TOO SHORT TO REACH THE END OF THE OFFICE!
STRETCH!
AND THERE'S NOT ANOTHER ELECTRICAL POINT. I'LL TRY THE OFFICE UPSTAIRS!
LUCKILY, THERE'S ONE BY THE WINDOW UP HERE. I'LL LOWER THE CLEANER DOWN TO THE BOSS'S ROOM!
DOWNSTAIRS...
COURSE! I CAN'T REACH IT!
BACK UPSTAIRS...
I'LL LOWER MYSELF DOWN...
...AND SIMPLY SWING IN!
SMASH!
I SHOULD'VE LEFT THE WINDOW OPEN!
OH, GOSH! HERE COMES THE CHIEF CLEANER!
I MUST SWITCH ON QUICKLY, AND...
GRR! JUST LOOK AT THE MESS IN HERE! AND WHERE'S THAT PINK PANTHER?
RRRMMMM
AND WHY DID HE GO TO ALL THAT TROUBLE WHEN THERE'S A POWER POINT BEHIND THE CURTAINS?
NOW HE TELLS ME!
POP

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RECEPTACLE

More feline fun with P.P. next week!

THE ANCIENT ASTRONAUT ENTERS A SILENT WORLD OF PERPETUAL SLEEP, BROKEN ONLY BY THE HUM OF MACHINERY, AND THERE...
MORUN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING...?
OK, I ADMIT IT.. I'M ADDICTED TO NOEL EDMUND'S 'DEAL OR NO DEAL'.. AND I HAVE TO SEE WHAT'S IN ALL THE BOXES..
RECEPTACLE